

# Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

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## Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

W. P. WALTON, Editor and Proprietor.  
T. R. WALTON, Business Manager.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.50 PER ANNUM,  
INvariably IN ADVANCE.

### Detectives at Weddings.

In the East detectives are employed to attend big weddings. It is their business to hover around the collection of costly presents and see that none of the high-toned guests steal anything. It is only at weddings attended by the very highest toned that detectives are necessary, which is rather a compliment to people who don't pretend to any particular tone themselves. These detectives have to be men of intelligence and good address, and they are required to attire themselves in swallow-tails of the regular pattern, so that they may pass for guests and excite no remark while exercising the necessary vigilance. Yet if they are young men and converse intelligently, they must form a striking contrast to the la-di-da society fellows of the day, and this would be suspicious in itself. But the intelligent detective probably holds his intelligence in check upon such occasions. Kleptomaniacs, unknown in the lower walks of life, where they simply steal when they take something that doesn't belong to them, is an unfortunate malady that sometimes attacks people moving in the higher circles, and it is to guard against this that detectives are engaged for these great events which dazzle the social world. They of course must be posted as to the peculiarities of guests and thoroughly informed on the subject of priceless gems.

The fair kleptomaniac approaches the table and takes up an elegant diamond ring, which she is about to place on her finger to study its effect. "Permit me, madam," says the detective, gently but audaciously taking it from her. "to call your attention to the particular light seen in this gem. This diamond is from Benares, one of the sacred cities in India. For centuries it blazed in the forehead of one of the images representing Gautama Buddha himself and was the richest jewel in his shrine. During one of the many wars in that land the temple was pillaged and the diamond eventually came into the possession of one of the famous Begums of Oude. The lady prized it above all her earthly possessions, but at last she, too, was despoiled of it by one of the officials of Sir Elijah Impey, of whom you have read in Macaulay's essay upon Warren Hastings and in your further researches into the history of the period. On the robber's return home to England he was afraid to keep it, and sold it to a wealthy planter from Virginia, then on a visit to London. Being ruined by the war, he was compelled to deposit it to a New York jeweler, and henceforward it will adorn the finger of the lovely bride."

And thus it is, we suppose, that the detective protects wedding gifts, and helps entertain the company. [Cincinnati Saturday Night.]

**Labor Statistics.**  
The third annual report of the New Jersey Bureau of Labor Statistics, just published, shows a fairly encouraging state of affairs. It shows that the average amount spent by workingmen in a year is \$455.27, and the average amount earned \$498.53, leaving an average saving of only \$43.26 in a year. The expenses also include sundries, tobacco, liquor, physicians' and druggists' bills, and other similar items. The report says that the truck system—compulsory dealing with stores in which the employers have an interest—is nearly abolished in the State, and that nearly all the wages are paid in cash. The average number of hours per week during which labor is performed is sixty. During the past year there was a marked diminution in the number of days lost through inability to obtain work. The average was forty from this cause, while last year it was eighty-seven. The average from sickness was seventeen. Wages have also advanced in most occupations; the average for men this year being \$1.78 as compared to \$1.45 last year. A fact shown in the report is that a great number of laboring men depend for substantial assistance upon their families; indeed, that nearly all wages-earners receive aid in this way.

The only bitter and the only preparation of iron that gives complete satisfaction is Brown's Iron Bitters. It contains no alcohol. It does not blacken the teeth. It gives real strength.

### The Wrong Girl.

His name was Augustus Smythe, he was a clerk in a dry goods store, and didn't earn enough to starve decently on, but with that sublime assurance which distinguishes the la-di-da young man of the day, he was paying attention to the prettiest girl in Detroit. He managed, by not paying his washerwoman or tailor, to take her to operas and theatres, but as times were getting hard, he concluded to marry her and save the expenses of boarding. By some process of mental arithmetic known only to the genius, he decided that what was not enough for one, was enough for two, and forthwith he concluded to pop. He knew that his persistent visits had kept all other young men away, so he had no fear of a trial. When the time came and he found himself in the company of Miss Laura in her papa's comfortable parlor he leisurely seated himself by her on the sofa, took her little dimpled hand, used only to tinkle the piano with, and said, in a breezy voice:

"Dear Miss Laura, I have concluded to marry."

Laura started, as he intended she should. Then he resumed grandiloquently: "I want a dear little girl about your size, with a great big heart just like yours, to share my lot."

"Is it on Jefferson Avenue?" murmured Laura.

"No, dearest, it is on Crogan street, but what are localities to hearts that love? I want a girl who is good-tempered, smart, economical, and who loves me. Darling, do you know of such a one?"

Laura faintly: "Yes, oh yes, I am sure I do."

"One who would rather live with me in poverty than dwell with some other man in riches? Who would esteem it a pleasure to serve me, cook my meals, keep the house tidy, and listen for my foot-steps? Who would rise up early and sit up late for my sake?"

"Oh, how beautiful," murmured Laura; "just like a dear, self-sacrificed man."

"Do you know such a one, my angel?"

"Yes, I do," responded Laura, fervently; "but you must not call me your angel, for she might not like it; she's in the kitchen now washing the dishes, and she told mother she'd as lief get married this winter as live out, it she only felt able to support a husband. She's just the girl you want, and she'll love you within an inch of your life."

But Augustus Smythe had fled into the outer darkness; the too muchness of the occasion overcame him like a summer cloud. [Detroit Press.]

### Every Day Transactions.

In the market: Young housekeeper—"Have you a calf's head? I think John would like one for dinner."

"Yes, we have one nicely cleaned. Shall I send it up?"

"And have you any quail? I think quail on toast would please him."

"Some just in this morning."

"And, let me see, a loin of beef. Is it quite the season for venison yet?"

"No. Shall I send the calf's head, quail, and loin of beef?"

"Well, no, I guess not. You can give me half a pound of pork steak."

At the dry goods emporium: "You warrant this silk to be—"

"Oh, yes, lady. Just the best silk imported. If it cracks within a year, we'll make it good. Beautiful piece of goods."

"Well, now let me see your plushes and velvets."

"At the next counter, ma'am, some-what dejected."

Lady goes to the notion counter and buys half a yard of elastic and a paper of hairpins.

In the clothing-house: "I want a hang-up, common sense suit. One that'll be dressy and not too good for business."

"That's just the cheese. Every way equal to custom made. Nobody'll ever know the difference, and a third less in price. Same thing made up would cost you—"

"H'm; yes. How much have I got to pay for an overcoat to match?"

"I can sell you an overcoat. There. Ain't that a daisy? Silk lined, for \$— to you, you know."

"Got any o' them thirty-seven cent suspenders left? I'm coming all to pieces." Dealer does him up a pair in a hurry and forgets to ask him to call again. [New Haven Register.]

The aspiring young journalists who write to their papers of the "bills I introduced" are spending the winter at Frankfurt. [O'Sullivan.]

### What is Money?

A few weeks ago two gentlemen came into my office and put before me a five-dollar national bank note. They remarked that they had agreed to abide by my decision, and they asked me this simple question: "Is this money?" "Certainly it is money," I replied; and one man went off in triumph and one was sad. Perhaps the disappointed man had presumed that I would say: "No, it is not money, because it is not gold or silver." Now, gentlemen, was my reply right or wrong? Let us settle this point before we enlarge upon the uses of money through the operations of a national bank. And though I am well aware that it is hard to find ten men who will agree to precise definitions upon this subject, yet I will venture this: Money is a measure of a value, and a medium of exchange.

While it may not be wealth, it is that which distributes wealth. While it may not be capital, it is that which employs capital. In short, it is the measure of a value and the medium of an exchange. Let me illustrate in a more familiar way. I toss before you a nickel five-cent piece. You say that is money, and you are right, because it measures the value of five apples. Or, I show you a postage stamp set in a tin frame, such as we were once obliged to use, and you say this stamp is also money. But I may contend that a postage stamp is not money; but you will reply that if a stamp will buy apples, then it is money, for it becomes the measure of a value and the medium of exchange.

A hundred years ago Indian corn was used for money; it bought goods and paid debts.

The old minister, in my native city, was paid his salary part in paper money, part in corn money, and part in hardwood money. The corn was used at a fixed price per bushel, and wood at so much for a cord. They paid debts, they were measures of a value and mediums of exchange. [W. E. Gould, of Portland, Maine.]

### New Year Resolves.

There are probably few of us who could not in some respects have done better with our time and opportunities than we have. Yet it is a mistake to suppose that if we had a year to live over again, or even if we had all the years of our lives, we would do radically different from what we have done. We think we would; and we are honest enough in saying what we think. As to New Year resolutions in detail for special acts of life, they are generally made with good intent, yet they seldom amount to much. A man resolves that he will mark down an account of every cent he spends; or that he will keep his things in perfect order instead of being slovenly and careless, as in the past; or that he will not for the whole year say a disagreeable word or do a disagreeable act. He buys a diary, ruled with columns for dollars and cents. In this he makes entries for about a week. He finds an old chest of drawers and some pigeon-holes, or else he secures some fixtures anew. His drawers are soon crammed with odds and ends, and his pigeon-holes crowded with a dense accumulation of unavailable rubbish. He crosses his legs in the street-car as before, puffs cigarette smoke into the noses of his fellow-passengers, and savagely orders a match peddler out of his presence. After a few days he reviews all his broken resolutions and begins to think he is a bad sort of fellow for making them rashly and breaking them thoroughly. The fact is that the man forgets the power of habits which it had taken years to form. He thought he could, by passing a resolution, do that which would involve changing a large part of his human nature. He simply took too large a contract without the means of filling it.

"I think," said the celebrated divine, Dr. Robert Breckinridge, to his mother one day, "that you were too severe on us boys in our childhood. I think I shall do better with my sons by pursuing a more indulgent course."

"Well, Robert," replied the old lady, "if you can make three as good preachers out of your boys as I made out of mine, I shall believe there is something in it."

"And so I gave up searching for him, for it was as needless as looking for a needle in a bundle of hay."

"Then you shouldn't have, for there is nothing easier." "Nothing easier than what?" "Than finding a needle in a bundle of hay." "Nonsense! How do you find it?" "Sit down on the bundle of hay."

### Travels of an Eye-Stone.

The following remarkable incident has just come to our knowledge. It would seem almost incredible, were it not for the absolute veracity of the gentleman making the statement.

Mr. Rufus Miller is a well-known farmer of this town, living at Mechanicstown. Some five or six years ago, just before retiring, Mr. Miller placed in his eye what was known as an eye-stone, for the purpose of removing a mote, as he had frequently done before.

(For the benefit of those of our readers who do not know what an eye-stone is, we will explain. It is a small, white, round shell, about 3-16 of an inch in diameter, concave on one side, convex on the other, and quite thin. It is taken from the head of a crab, one being found under each eye of that crustacean.)

In the morning, when Mr. Miller awoke, he could not find the stone. He made a careful and thorough search, but all in vain, and he made up his mind that it was gone for good. A few weeks since he felt a hard growth on the little finger of his right hand. He showed it to some friends, who concluded it was a wart, and advised him to let it alone. He did so until about a week since, when it began to be sore, and he commenced picking at it. He soon found out that some hard substance was under the skin, and, digging away, he finally took out his long-lost eye-stone. He examined it so carefully that there can be no mistake.

He now recollects that he at one time experienced considerable soreness in his wrist, and supposes at that period the stone was pressing in that direction. How this bit of carbonate of lime ever made that long journey without being lost or absorbed is a mystery. That it did so, there can be no doubt. [Middletown (Conn.) Press.]

### The Real Bank.

A man went into a bank to borrow some money. He asked if they could loan a thousand dollars for a short time. "Oh, yes," was the reply; "one thousand, or two thousand, if you want it." The rate of interest was satisfactorily fixed, and the borrower was asked as to the character of his collateral. "Collaterals? I haven't got any collaterals," said the borrower. "No collaterals," said the banker, "then it will be impossible for us to let you have the money."

The man was silent for a few moments, and then exclaimed: "I have heard a good deal of talk lately about the scarcity of greenbacks—there wasn't money enough to do the business of the country. But it does not look so. I come here and find you anxious to lend me all the money I want. No scarcity of greenbacks here. But before you lend it you require collaterals. Now that's just what I haven't got, and can't obtain, and have come to the conclusion that it isn't a scarcity of money the country is suffering from, but a scarcity of collaterals." [Des Moines (Ia.) Register.]

### A Hint on Household Management.

Have you ever observed what a dislike servants have to anything cheap? They hate saving their master's money. I tried the experiment with great success the other day. Finding we consumed a vast amount of soap, I sat down in my thinking chair, and took the soap question into consideration, and I found reason to suspect we were using a very expensive article, where a much cheaper one would serve the purpose better. I ordered half a dozen pounds of both sorts, but took the precaution of changing the papers, on which the prices were marked, before giving them into the hands of the boys. "Well, Betty, which soap do you find washes best?" "Oh, please sir, the dearest, in the blue paper; it makes the lather as well again as the other." "Well, Betty, you shall always have it then; and thus, the unsuspecting Betty saved me many pounds a year, and washed the clothes better." [Rev. Sidney Smith.]

The wife of the new Chinese minister did not accompany him to the White House reception on New Year's Day. She is only the third lady of rank who ever left China. As she does not speak any language but her own, and is extremely diffident and cannot support herself alone on her small feet, it is not her husband's intention to expose her to the curious until she is a little more at home in the new world. She did not even receive cards, but remained in strict seclusion.

### The World's Cotton Production.

Statistics gathered by the Department of State, and soon to be distributed, make the cotton product of the several cotton-growing countries to exceed three and a half million pounds a year. Of this amount there is furnished by the—

United States	2,770,000,000 pounds.
East Indies	407,000,000 "
Egypt, Smyrna, etc.	209,000,000 "
Brazil	44,000,000 "
West Indies	16,010,000 "

Total.....3,506,000,000

The figures show that the United States produce nearly four-fifths of the cotton crop of the world, and we know that the yield is steadily and rapidly increasing. Its chief rival, though a long way behind, is as notably declining. In 1875 the area under cotton in India was 11,450,000 acres; in 1878 it was only 8,000,000. The yield to the acre in this country is nearly four times that in India.

### OUR NEW YEAR'S TAFFY.

Given by the State Press.  
The Stanford INTERIOR-JOURNAL has begun the publication of a semi-weekly edition. The Messrs. Walton are wide-awake and enterprising business men, and have no such word as "fail" in their vocabulary. [Midway Clipper.]

W. P. Walton, of the INTERIOR-JOURNAL, has ventured on the experiment of making his excellent paper a semi-weekly. It is one of the best edited and printed papers in the State, and we earnestly hope that his enterprise will be liberally sustained by his people. [Shelbyville Sentinel.]

A Chicago paper finds that young men may marry on almost nothing. Making previous provisions for the incidents of matrimony it finds a needless precaution. But the Chicago paper is giving us nothing new. Hundreds of young men know all about this. A young man has only to get trusted for his groceries, and move often, to raise a large and interesting family. Sometimes a young man is so fortunate as to get a wife who does her own work, and saves enough to pay for his beer and tobacco. When domestic bliss is so easy of attainment, all young men should seek it.

"Upon the wings of love I fly,  
From groceries to grocery."

A SUPPLY READY.—There is now a brand of fine cut tobacco known as Thistle Dew. When a man asks for a certain kind of weed and can't get it, he just purchases a package of the new variety and murmurs as he takes it, "Thistle Dew." This is an example of a new hand-made joke that we are turning out now at this office. We have, in addition to the above highly classical style of mirth, a good, fair, average stoga joke at a much smaller price. Estimates made for almanacs, minstrel shows and funerals. We have a new and attractive mourning joke on hand now that makes death almost a welcome messenger. Send ten cents for catalogue. [Boomerang.]

A Mexican paper gives the following account of a battle between monarchs of the deep: "A lake in the rear of Manzanillo, Mexico, burst its confines last month and poured its waters into the sea. The lake was full of alligators, and the harbor of sharks. When the monsters met, a water battle immediately began, and it was waged for several days in the presence of most of the people of Manzanillo. For a long time victory trembled in the balance, but the sharks finally prevailed and took dinner on the last of the routed intruders."

A colored preacher in translating the sentence: "The harvest is past, the summer is over, and we are not saved," put it: "De corn has been cribbed, dere ain't any more work, and old Satan is still foolin' wid dis com-unity."

When trees are transplanted the roots are always more or less injured, hence it is always best to cut off the wounded parts of the roots and head back the top to correspond with roots left.

Oh, isn't she a beauty.—She is the personification of all that's lovely. Her disposition is amiable; her mind cultured; her heart kind and pure—all because her health was restored from using Brown's Iron Bitters.—Comments of a leading physician on a patient he prescribed Brown's Iron Bitters for. All ladies should use it.—[Journal.]

## FALL AND WINTER OF 1881.

Notice to the People of Stanford and Vicinity.

I HAVE JUST RECEIVED AND OPENED

THE CHOICEST STOCK EVER BROUGHT ON!

It has been selected with care, and comprises the best in the market. You will find everything that a first-class Merchant-Tailor ought to have. The stock comprises

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LAST BUT NOT LEAST, A SPLENDID LINE OF TRIMMINGS.

Cutting and Repairing Neatly and Promptly Done.

Thankful for past favors, I hope, by strict attention to business, to merit a continuance of the same.

H. C. RUPLEY.

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Manufacturers and Dealers in All Kinds of

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YOU WILL SAVE 10 TO 15 PER CENT. ON A bill of goods at our house.

French Dressing Case Seta,

Marble Top with Large Glass,

At \$45, \$50, \$60, \$75 & Upwards.

Bureau Sets, \$20, \$25, \$30 and up.

Parlor Suits, Seven Pieces,

Either in Hair, Cloth or Terry,

At \$30, \$35, \$40, \$50 & Upwards.

Visitors to our city are respectfully invited to call and see our stock of goods, whether they wish to purchase or not.

REMEMBER THE PLACE.

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## JOHN CHURCH & CO.,

—WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN—

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Sheet Music, Books, and all Kinds of Musical Merchandise.

NO. 66 WEST FOURTH ST., CINCINNATI, O.

Grand PIANOS, Square PIANOS, and Upright PIANOS,

In Rosewood, Satinwood, Mahogany, French Walnut and Ebony Cases, in elegant designs to correspond with any style of Furniture.

Elegant Parlor Organs, Chapel Organs, Church Organs,

With one Manual, with two Manuals and Pedals, containing the most beautiful, powerful and useful combinations ever procured in reed instruments.

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PIANO AND ORGAN Department is far less than some houses doing exclusively a Piano and Organ trade. We have reached lower prices than have been tendered by any dealers in this market, and guarantee all instruments as represented. We sell on easy monthly or quarterly payments, and any instrument taken on trial, not proving as represented, may be returned at our expense. We solicit correspondence with persons desiring to purchase, and take pleasure in answering all inquiries.

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